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Engl. Theat:
Vol 87.



THE
PARTHIAN EXILE,

A
TRAGEDY.



[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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THE

BARTHAN EXILE



T. E. D. Y.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

For One Shilling and six pence

X

THE
Parthian EXILE,
A
TRAGEDY.

As performed several Times at
COVENTRY,
AND
WORCESTER.

By G. DOWNING, COMEDIAN.

R



COVENTRY:

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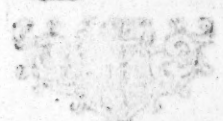
M,DCC,LXXIV.

Passion & Love

TRACED

COVET

WORCESTER



COVET

And all the world is full of
the same
M. C. BOWEN

TO DEANE SWIFT, Esq.

S I R,

AT the first Representation of my *Exile*, your kind Condescension in noticing every particular Passage, and afterwards generously pointing out, in an Epistle, the Merits, as well as the Defects of it, at a Time too when I was an absolute Stranger to you, are Circumstances which demand the highest Acknowledgments of Gratitude; I therefore embrace this Opportunity of assuring you,

I am, most sincerely,

Your much obliged,

And obedient humble Servant,

G. DOWNING.

TO DEAR SWIFT,

SIR,

AT the first Representation of
Excellence, your kind Consideration
in noticing every particular Passage
and afterwards generally pointing
out in an Epistle, the Merits, as well
as the Defects of it, as a thing, as
when I was an absolute stranger to
you, are Circumstances which demand
the highest Acknowledgments of Gratitude.
I therefore cannot but avail myself
of the opportunity of assuring you,

I am, most sincerely,

Your humble servant,

And believe me to be,

G. DOWLING.

P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. GREENWOOD, of *Worcester*.

O F T has the tragic muse, with daring flight,
Brought distant ages once again to fight,
And, fir'd with gen'rous thirst of sacred praise,
Held forth the mighty dead of ancient days;
But from the shores renown'd of Rome or Greece,
She drew the fable of each fav'rite piece.

Lo, on our stage, another scene appears,
Snatch'd from the waste of near two thousand years;
While lordly Rome her ensigns wide display'd,
And all the western world in peace obey'd,
If to Euphrates' shores her bands she drew,
Her conqu'ring eagles thence no further flew;
Her martial spirit, and her fires divine,
Bow'd to the genius of th' Arsacian line;
Legions lay breathless on the hostile shore,
And the huge stream roll'd stain'd with Latian gore;
There Rome beheld her empire's utmost bound,
And her sole rival in the Parthian fount.

O! think not that in life's low walks confin'd,
Heav'n still decrees men poverty of mind;
In hist'ry's page, remember you have read,
That Homer's self sung ballads for his bread.

In rich parterres, behold the tulip fair,
Which breathes no fragrance to the vernal air,

Whilst

P R O L O G U E:

*Whilst the poor violet, in some secret vale,
Imparts its sweetness to each passing gale.*

*This, for the scene—but for his humble lay,
Fain would the suppliant author something say,
Lest you his faults should too severely scan,
And, in the luckless author, damn the man:—*

*But not for grace, with meanness will he sue,
Unworthy of himself, unworthy you:—
To you his cause with confidence he'll trust,
He knows you candid, as he knows you just.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Radalces,	Mr. MORRIS.
Lyfias,	Mr. LEDWITH.
Arfaces,	Mr. JOHNSON.
Calmet,	Mr. DOWNING.
Young Calmet,	Mr. BEYNON.
Gobrias,	Mr. HINDE.
Eucles,	Mr. SIDNEY.
Altena,	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Zaphrina,	Mrs. OSBORNE.

Officers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, A besieged Town in PARTHIA.

TIME, Twenty-four Hours.

THE
PARTHIAN EXILE;
OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter ARSACES and GEBRIAS. P.S.

ARSACES.

NOW, by the sacred sun, which views my shame,
Which sees my pride, my hopes of conquest
blasted,

It is too much. Your consolation's vain.—

What! shall a stripling, nurs'd and bred in sloth,

Eclipse my fame, and cloud my rising glory?—

When he commanded us to sally forth,

Didst thou observe his vaunt, his self-plum'd pride?

“ Now, my brave lord (he cry'd) exert your pow'r,

“ Let ev'ry nerve be strain'd in honour's cause :

B

“ Think,

2 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

"Think, on this onset all our hopes depend,
"And urge, with mighty zeal, the battle's rage."—
Then, vaulting on his steed with martial air,
He smil'd at danger, and cry'd, "Follow me!"—
I, fir'd with rage, thus to be taught my duty,
With soul enflam'd, rush'd forth amidst the foe;
Bore down their points, and bath'd my sword in gore:—
Then op'ning wide a passage to their king,
I vainly hop'd to crop his laurel'd brow,
And crown my own with never fading wreaths.
But, O, curs'd chance!—pressing too eager on,
He clos'd, and hurl'd me headlong to the ground:—
When, aiming at my life a mortal stroke,
Calmet rush'd in, warding th' impending blow,
And laid him speechless, grov'ling at his feet.

G O B R I A S.

Good heav'n be prais'd!—I saw the mighty deed:
Envy'd, yet bless'd the zeal that sav'd my friend.

A R S A C E S.

Curse on his busy zeal—his ill-tim'd friendship!—
In saving me, he aggrandiz'd himself.
Had fierce Surenas nail'd me to the earth,
Gash'd me with wounds, and glutted his revenge,
I had dy'd bravely,—nobly, greatly dy'd,—
Preserv'd my glory, and secur'd my fame!—
But now, O blight of honour! Calmet exults!
Shines in the annals of fame's brightest list,
And calls me back to some unletter'd page.—
Can I bear this!—Oh! the thought racks my soul!

G O B R I A S.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 3.

G O B R I A S.

Urge it no farther : what thou cou'dst, thou didst,
His lucky hour adds no disgrace to thee :
Thy emulative soul rush'd eager on,
And left thy friends and soldiers far behind.

A R S A C E S.

There, there, again thou rack'st my tortur'd mind !—
Those friends, those soldiers fled !—The cowards fled,
And left their leader 'midst an host of foes,
'Till Calmet's voice, like a fresh breeze from heav'n,
Inspir'd their fainting souls, dispell'd their fears,
And rallied 'em again to desp'rate fight.
Oh ! when the battle rag'd, and death flew round,
Where then was I ?—Laid prostrate on the ground :
A victim to dishonour ; a poor degraded wretch !
A mean inheritor of vile disgrace !

G O B R I A S.

Ere this, methinks, the fight must needs be o'er,
It rag'd too fierce to weary out the day.—
If we prevail, no more these haughty Medes
Shall coop us up within our batter'd walls ;
No more shall bearded arrows bar our gates,
Or pointed jav'lines cry, "Come out who dares !"—
But if we fail, in this our last attempt,
And our brave harras'd warriors lose the day,
Farewel distinction : thou and I, my friend,
Our nobles all, nay, ev'n our good old king,
Radalces' self must yield to tyrant sway.

B 2

A R S A C E S.

4 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,

ARSACES.

Never, my friend, while steel can reach this heart.—
Shou'd Media conquer, *my* resolve is death :
Shou'd Calmet vanquish, then I live dishonour'd :
The thought distracts, and drives me into madness.

GOBRIAS.

Compose yourself, my lord ; the fair Altena,
The beauteous daughter of the noble Lysias,
Shall hush to peace the tumults of thy breast,
And pour the balm of love into thy soul.

ARSACES.

Can beauty heal the gaping wounds of honour ?
Think'st thou 'twas love, that idle phantom love,
Which urg'd me on to ask his daughter's hand ?

Oh ! no :—

Lysias stands foremost in the king's regard ;—
Thro' him, I therefore mean to lessen Calmet,
And o'er the soldiers gain a sole command :—
When once I've wrought myself into *their* hearts,
A diadem, perhaps, may crown my toils.

GOBRIAS.

The king is old, and worn with war's fatigues ;
Nor can he long support the task of state :
And being childless, who must heir the crown ?
Thou know'st the favour'd Lysias is thy friend,
Whose int'rest may confirm the throne to thee,
And crush this upstart to his native earth.

ARSACES.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 5

ARSACES.

Calmet, to check my sanguine hope aspires,
And that's the crown—the sum of ev'ry wish.
Shou'd time adorn my brow with regal lustre,
Oh! how the neighb'ring plains shou'd blaze with arms!
How shou'd I sweep away these daring foes,
And hang like fate impending o'er their heads.

GOBRIAS.

That time may come.—But lo! where Lysias hastes,
With smiles of gladness: sure some fair event
Quickens his steps, and brightens in his eye.

[Enter Lysias, P. S.]

LYSIAS.

Joy to Arsaces! to my gallant friend—
I come the messenger of gladsome news!
Parthia, at length, is free! Victorious Calmet
Sent, by a hoary vet'ran deck'd with scars,
The welcome tidings!—Oh! 'twas a noble feat!
Ten thousand Medes lye breathless on the ground,
Six thousand groan beneath their massy yokes:
Their tents, their standards, arms, and all are ours!
To me the gallant youth his greeting sends,
That I may glad our sov'reign with the tale.

ARSACES.

My honour'd lord, I joy with you, to see
My country free, and hail our common safety:
But when I think to whom we stand indebted,
To whom we owe our liberty and lives,

My

6 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,

My soul is fir'd with rage, and burns with fury.
What! shall our nobles lay their honours by,
And bow the knee to Calmet's upstart race?

LYSIAS.

I know that Calmet boasts no antient line,
Nor claims his merit from a grandfire's worth:
But yet, his breast enshrines a godlike soul,
Innately just, and good, and wise, and valiant,
He soars above *our* long descended greatness,
Sweeps like a meteor o'er the paths of glory,
And leaves the trace of meaner thoughts behind.

ARSACES.

Others, my Lord, may boast as great a soul,
And climb as high to glory as this Calmet:—
What has *he* done beyond another's valour?
Had not the chance of war unhors'd Arsaces,
He wou'd have shewn the world a rival warrior,
Wou'd have rush'd boldly 'midst their thickest ranks,
And dealt around the fatal stroke of death,
'Till conquest crown'd his brow with lasting honour,
Or took his forfeit life with glory from him.—
What cou'd this Calmet more? Oh! he's the child
Of fortune and blind chance!

LYSIAS.

No more, my lord;
It fits I chide you now—my duty bids me.
Envy but ill becomes the noble mind:
The gen'rous soul gives praise wher'ever due.
Amidst the heat of war, and pomp of battle,

The

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 7

The emulative spirit claims renown,
And asks the grateful tribute of applause:
'Tis oft the sole regard which valour gains!
But when fair conquest crowns the soldier's brow,
And sheathes the sword of war in glorious peace,
Shou'd then that noble spirit sink to envy,
'Twould shame the vital spring which gave it birth.
Oh! quench this glow of youth with cool reflection!

ARSACES.

I bow beneath the rod of chastisement,
And stand rebuk'd:—thy healing wisdom pours
The lenient balm of patient sufferance
Into the wide and dented wounds of honour.
Permit me, then, to urge a gentler theme,
Which, next to glory, fires my ardent soul—
The love of fair Altema.

LYSIAS.

When last you urg'd it,
We stood upon the tottering verge of fate,
Uncertain who shou'd next be swept away,
And bury'd in the ruins of our country.
At length the brazen gates of war are clos'd,
And smiling peace admits the voice of love.
Then woo my daughter—win her virgin heart;
Bear her the tidings of our arms success,
And blend your passion with that pleasing tale;
Tell her that my consent attends your plea—
Yet, woo her gently, in a soothing strain;
For she is mild, as is the morn of May;

Made

8 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Made up of kind compassion, love and duty.
Breathe, then, thy vows in soft and melting accents—
A soldier's voice, perhaps, may be too rough—
The ear, which cannot brook the trumpet's clangue,
May listen to the gentle breathing flute.

ARSACES.

Doubt not my tenderness—I'll move my suit,
Soft as the breeze which fans the violet bud;
Warm, as she warms, and catch each rising blush.
Then, when a kind consent shall paint her cheek,
And sparkle faintly in her downcast eye,
I'll print a thousand kisses on her hand,
And bless the happy hour that gave her birth.—
I have, you say, my lord, your free consent.

LYSIAS.

Cou'd I have found a nobler youth—more brave,
More worthy of her love—she had been his.
But thou art e'en the man I cou'd have wish'd her.—
Then visit her, my lord, with my consent,
And waft the two-fold bliss of peace and love!—
I'll to the king—My news will fire his age;
Re-call his youth, and warm him into rapture.

[Exit, O.P.]

ARSACES.

Now, Gobrias! now, bright glory dawns anew!
Altena's mine!—her father too is mine!
And I'll extend his pow'r to th' utmost stretch.

GOBRIAS.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 69

G O B R I A S.

Still there remains a doubt, my worthy friend;
You have not yet address'd the fair Alena:
And tho' her father hold thee in esteem,
Shou'd she averse refuse thy proffer'd hand—

A R S A C E S.

Oh! fear not that; too well I know the arts
Of soft persuasion; know each winning strain
That gains the avenue to female hearts:
Already I infold her in my arms,
An easy prey—the victim of my pride:—
But shou'd she heir her sex's peevish arts,
Shou'd she prove sullen, obstinate and coy,
Her fire's command then follows his consent.
Shame on those clay-cold fools who pine for years,
And grov'ling sigh beneath a woman's feet,
Puling and whining till their flame's extinct.
I, whom the gods have warm'd with fiercer fires,
Disdain those mean, unmanly, abject arts:
Boldly I beat their guards of honour down,
And force that happiness they seem to shun.
Come, for I long to view her modest blush,
And warm her frozen bosom into love,
Throw off this vile disgrace which weighs me down,
And pave my future road to rising glory.

[*Exc. O.P.*

C S C E N E

10 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter ALTENA and ZAPHRINA. P.S.

ALTENA.

When will my bleeding heart be free from fear,
The terrors cease that shake my sinking frame?
Time gives no interval for soft repose,
Whilst danger thus surrounds our city walls!
Within our narrow bounds, our close pent prison,
Beset by enemies of savage race,
Distraction, tumult and disorder reign;
Old age hangs weeping over slaughter'd sons,
And matrons food implore to save their babes.
Our gallant youths, tho' wearied out with war,
Tho' scarr'd with patriot wounds, must yield their
throats,

And meet their recompence in streams of blood;
Our virgins, rear'd in virtue's chafteft school,
Must live dishonour'd by their brutal force,
Or die the martyrs of their sex's pride.
All-gracious pow'rs, who view with pitying eye
The wretch's doom, who see th' impending sword
All bath'd in Parthian blood, hang o'er our heads,
Look thro' the veil of mercy on our state;
Guard us from violence and tyrant rage,
And sheath the sword of war in peaceful bow'rs.

ZAPHRINA.

Too much, thou lovely partner of distress,
Thou dream'st of ills—give me a part in all.

ALTENA.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. II

ALTENA.

My dear Zaphrina!—Partner of my heart!—
I know thy love, yet should not burthen it;
Tho' I've a secret lab'ring in my breast,
That only fits a friend like thee to hear.

ZAPHRINA.

Then speak, Altena, here it rests secure.

[Pointing to her breast.]

ALTENA.

Oh! I shou'd wrong myself to doubt thy truth.—
If I conceal a thought from my Zaphrina,
'Tis but to spare my shame, for thou wilt blush;—
Blush at the indiscretion of thy friend,
During *thy* absence for three tedious years,
I let a passion steal into my heart,
That fills me now with fear, distrust, and hope.

ZAPHRINA.

Then give it vent, let me partake thy woe,
And bear a part: I know I need not blush
To hear thy choice; thou hast a noble mind,
And ne'er couldst fix unworthily.

ALTENA.

O! no—

I've plac'd my soul where honour's self might dwell—
Within that sacred shrine where ev'ry god
Planted a virtue, and cry'd, "Flourish there:"
Whilst ev'ry grace stept forth to deck his form,
And fame came down to wreath the hero's brow.
O, he's a youth selected from the world,
To warn mankind to look and copy there.

ZAPHRINA.

12 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,

ZAPHRINA.

I knew, my friend wou'd ne'er degrade her race;
But yield her soul where honour must approve;
Then why dost thou conceal so bright a flame;
And grieve at that which should awaken joy?

ALTENA.

Alas, Zaphrina! there's no joy for me;
Surrounded as he is with death's fell engines:
Perhaps, the gallant youth now breathes his last,
And gives the winds a parting sigh for me:
Perhaps he's struggling in the pangs of death,
And in his latest groan, calls on Altena!
But I will recollect my scatter'd thoughts,
And tell thee from the first my love-fraught tale.—
When you departed hence, this noble youth
Was rank'd a captain in our sov'reign's troop;
Unmark'd he pass'd his hours,—almost unknown;
His pittance serv'd his father and himself,
(An aged sire, borne down with weight of years)
But still his smiling looks bespoke content:—
'Twas then, when first the Mede ravag'd our plains,
That he was sent to check their hasty strides,—
Kind fortune smil'd, and he return'd victorious:
Our king, who always gives where merit claims,
Rais'd him to rank, and plac'd him near his view:—
Tedious it were to speak his valiant deeds,
Suffice it then, that conquest crown'd his arms,
In ev'ry contest with the hardy foe;
And now he stands the gen'ral of our strength.—
Ent'ring in triumph, for a conquest gain'd,

I saw

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 73

I saw him first, upon a milk white steed,
Dreadful as Mars, yet lovely ev'n in terror:
Thousands pass'd by, and yet I saw but him—
But when my straining eyes had lost him quite,
I found his image left within my heart.

ZAPHRINA
He knows not, then, of this your partial favour?

ALTEA.

Oh, yes! and loves me too with equal ardour.
Our nobles strove who best should entertain him,
And who superiour worth shou'd most distinguish.
My father brought him to our palace here—
But oh! when introduc'd to me, he sigh'd,
Approach'd with trembling steps, and look'd so sweet
As if his soul had issu'd at his eyes.—
Too soon I lov'd, and ah! too soon I found
A mutual passion burnt within our breasts,
While ev'ry meeting blew the growing flame,
Till by an interchange of solemn vows,
We swore to live, or die but for each other.

ZAPHRINA.
But why have you conceal'd it from your father?
He never cou'd reject a youth like him.

ALTEA.
I fear he would, he prizes high his honour,
His nobleness of blood, and long descent
From ancestors of great and mighty name.

Next

14 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Next to our king, he stands his country's boast,
While Calmet looks but little in his eye,
Born of a race obscure, and humbly bred.

ZAPHRINA.

What tho' no titles blazon out his birth,
Has he not deck'd himself with worth and honour?
Lyfias will view his virtues with delight,
And with elated pride hail him his son.

ALTENA.

Cou'd I but think like thee, I should be happy:—
But oh! I dare not, must not build on hope.

[Enter Officer, with a letter. P. S.]

OFFICER.

This, from the neighb'ring plain, brought by a warrior,
Greets your fair hand. [Exit. P. S.]

ALTENA.

'Tis Calmet's signature! [Reads.]
Oh! my Zaphrina, bounteous heav'n at length
Has heard our pray'r: Parthia once more is free!—
He tells me here, he could not leave me rack'd,
And torn with doubts, but snatch'd the earliest hour
To ease my griefs, and dissipate my fears:
The Mede's defeated!—liberty's restor'd!—

ZAPHRINA.

Now, my Altana, clear that brow of sorrow,
The smiles of liberty shou'd spread abroad,
Bright as the sun, and genial as his rays:

Calmet

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 15

Calmet now plum'd with ev'ry martial grace,
Comes honour'd on amidst admiring crouds :
Lyfias will gaze astonish'd at his greatness,
And fair Altena crown his high desert.

ALTENA.

Why now, methinks, hope dawns upon my soul;
Already I behold all Parthia's eyes
Bent on the man who sav'd our falling state,
Who gave us life, fame, liberty and all.—
When we reflect on what his deeds deserve,
Who cou'd reject the boon which he shou'd ask?
Oh ! I'll dispel all ill-presaging fears,
And banish from my breast each anxious doubt.

[Enter Officer. P. S.

OFFICER.

The lord Arfaces humbly craves admittance.

ALTENA.

Let him approach.— [Exit Officer, P. S.

What can his business be?—

This gallant lord is brave and nobly born,
Valiant in arms, yet rash as spreading flames,
Nurtur'd in wealth, and bred without controul;
He knows no bounds, but gives each passion scope,
Indulges ev'ry wish, and plum'd with pride,
Looks on the world as made for him alone.
Not so my Calmet's courage blazes forth,
But gently burns with emulative fire,
Rises by just degrees, and braves all danger :
Yet, when the toil of fierce contention's o'er,

Mercy

16 **The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,**

Mercy taken place, and mourns the numbers slain;
His soft compassion dries the prisoner's tear,
And melting pity heals his wounded foe.

[Enter Arsaces, P. & S.]

ARSACES.

Joy to the fairest of our country's boasts,—
Happy my lot to bear the gladsome news
Of Parthia's conquest, and the Mede's defeat.

ALTENA.

My lord, I've heard it all—yet thank that zeal
Which condescends beneath its noble state,
And princely rank, to ease a woman's fears.

ARSACES.

Happy the man who bows beneath such charms,
And views the beaming lustre of your beauty.
Permit me then to speak my humble suit,
Swelling the list of your admiring slaves.

ALTENA.

Is this the gladsome news which brought you here?
When new-fledg'd peace scarce spreads her silken wings,
Shall Cupid wanton on his downy pinions,
And hymen light his long extinguish'd torch?
Uninterrupted wou'd I relish freedom,
Nor can I listen to the voice of love.

ARSACES.

I wou'd not rudely interrupt your peace,
Did not my ardent passion strongly glow:

Oh!

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 17

Oh! thou hast charms to wound a monarch's heart,
And gods themselves who made, admire your beauty.

ALTEA.

Is this the portrait of a love-worn frame?
Where is the modest blush and down-cast eye,
Which masters picture with their pencil'd art?
You but deceive yourself, my noble lord,
And feign a passion which you do not feel.

ARSACES.

Never did vor'rist more devoutly bend, [Kneels.
Or kneel before the shrine of his fair saint.
Each hour shall witness to my growing love,
And ev'ry gale shall bear my passing sighs:
Echo shall double each repeated vow,
And in soft murmurs waft 'em to your ear.

ALTEA.

In vain, my lord, you urge the fruitless suit,
For never can I listen to the tale,
Or give your passion the least kind return.

ARSACES.

Tho' you deny the mild return of love,
Know I've a stronger title to your heart;
A father's kind consent shall rule your will.

ALTEA.

A father's kind consent—oh! gracious heav'n!

ZAPHRINA.

My lord, retire, you overwhelm her spirits;

D

Too

18 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Too suddenly you gave your passion vent,
And shock'd her ears with ill-tim'd vows of love.

ARSACES.

You are her friend, fair maid: then tell her this—[*Afide.*
A father's promise rules her stubborn mind:
A promise firmly made, and seal'd with honour.
Then let her learn to bend her haughty soul,
And meet my passion with a milder eye,—
For, by the planets rolling o'er our heads,
To-morrow's sun shall light us to the altar.

[*Exit, P. S.*

ALTENA.

Once more farewell, each gleam of sweet content!—
This head-strong lord will ne'er forego his claim,
Nor my too hasty fire retract his word.
The smiles of peace come wrapt in clouds of sorrow!—
Surrounded thus with dark and sad despair,
I stand forlorn, the hapless child of woe:—
Yet never will I yield my plighted hand
To an usurper's base and brutal force—
No: tho' a father's frown shou'd awe my soul,
Still, by the sacred truth I vow'd my lord,
Kneeling before the awful face of heav'n—
By that pure love which only he deserves,
I will preserve my faith, my truth, my honour.

[*Exeunt, O. P.*

End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Outside of a Palace.*

Enter CALMET and Young CALMET. P. S. T.

Young CALMET.
Welcome, my sire rever'd, from fierce alarms,
 From rude assaults, and terror-pointed wrath,
 Where slaughter ranging o'er his wide domains,
 Swept with impetuous stride whole ranks away.—
 All-guiding Pow'rs, who view the inmost thought,

[Kneeling.]
 Who first inspir'd me in the Parthian cause,
 To curb the fierceness of a barb'rous foe—
 Oh! condescend t' accept my grateful thanks:—
 If true to virtue, and to honour's task,
 My soul remain obedient to *thy* will,
 (Conscious that still I owe my all to thee)
 Direct my steps thro' life's contracted space:—
 But if I deviate from *thy* strictest rule,
 Forgetful whence my preservation sprang,
 Myself will bow beneath thy just decree,
 And calmly meet the rigour of my fate.

[Enter Lysias and Eucles, in discourse. U. D. O. P.]

20 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

CALMET.

Long have I stood, my child, with anxious doubt,
Fearing thou hadst forgot the hand of heav'n,
And with a soothing rapture, hear thee now,
Amidst the pride of youth, and glow of praise;
Return the tribute of that praise, where due—
For heav'n, my son, is infinite in all.
'Tis not the firm-brac'd heart, or sinewy arm;
The feig'ning fense, or artful warding blow,
Which can defend us in the dreadful onset;—
A pow'r supreme, o'er-rules with awful justice,
Unnerves the guilty rage, and vengeful hand,
Mocking with edgeless force, th' uplifted sword.

Young CALMET.

What once you taught me, Sir, (thanks to high heav'n)
I've treasur'd in my breast, and stamp'd my own;
Whilst reason, as I ripen'd into years,
Confirm'd your precepts, by example's aid.

LYSIAS.

Relate it all, as you have done to me, [To Eucles,
And well the king will thank you for the favour.

[Exit Eucles, O. P.

Our royal master greets your high desert,

[To Young Calmet.

With princely gratitude, and fervent zeal,
And bids me hail you chief of yon fair province,
This day he dedicates to ease your toils,
To-morrow's sun to welcome in your triumph.

Young

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 211

Young CALMET.

The king o'er pays in bounty my desert:—
Still 'tis my duty to the royal donor,
To lodge the favour nearest to my heart.
Yet for the triumph, pageantry and pomp,
Full well I cou'd dispense such vain parade;
But that the fight may animate our youths,
In future times, to emulate such honours.

LYSIAS.

Thy great example fires to feats of glory,
The trump of fame speaks loudly to the spheres,
Tun'd to no other sound than Calmet's praise.

Young CALMET.

Cou'd I with pride attend to flattery's charms,
Oh! how my heart wou'd bound with swelling joy,
To think I cou'd deserve applause from thee!
But cool reflection checks each vain idea,
And tells me all I've done was but my duty.
'Tis true, our monarch looks upon my deeds
With partial eyes; yet all within his pow'r—
His wealth, his titles, nay, his regal sway,
Wou'd ill reward my bold aspiring wish.—
If in my service there is aught of merit;
If in the onset I have brav'd all dangers,
And dealt my blows with dauntless fury round,
'Twas not to glut the vanity of youth.—
No, 'twas in beauty's cause; to merit more
The heart of her, who fir'd my soul to love.

Enrich'd

22 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE; *Or,*

Enrich'd with wealth, and honour'd as I am,
Oh! may you deem me worthy your esteem,
When I confess the great, the sole reward
At which my wishes aim—is fair Altena.

LYSIAS.

Hast thou so far forgot thyself and me?
Dost thou presume to wing thy hopes so high?
To aggrandize *thy* name, by less'ning *mine*?
To pluck the full blown roses from *my* crest,
To mingle with the blossoms of thy own?
I scorn to nip the flow'ret in its bud,
Yet cannot graft it on my own fair stem.

Young CALMET.

If love and constancy, faith, truth, and honour,
Join'd to the tend'rest care, can make her happy,
Oh! do not turn away, but hear my suit!
Give me Altena—dow'rless let her come—
Herself more rich than kingdoms crown'd with wealth.
And for yourself—your will shall be my law;
My fond affection shall attend each hour,
To crown your passing days with rising glory,
And close the evening of your life in peace.

LYSIAS.

No more, no more;—but that your services
Demand respect, I should rebuke severely:—
I cannot thus forget my own descent,
Nor dare to stain it with plebeian blood.

CALMET.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 23

CALMET.

Plebeian blood, my lord!—recal that word:—
Oh, did I know a youth more just, more good,
More brave, more wise, or worthy than himself,
This feeble arm shou'd sweep him from my fight,
And plunge him down a prey to vile dishonour:—
But know, proud lord—I have a secret lodg'd
Within my breast, which ranks him level with
Thy boasted greatness.—

LYSIAS.

Forbear, old man, forbear;

Thy dotage mocks itself with ill-tim'd fury.—
But know, fond youth—and quench this giddy flame—

[To Young Calmet,

Wert thou as rich in blood, as great in arms,
Fruitless wou'd be thy boon, and vain thy wish;
For know, her virgin hand is pre-engag'd.
To-day's the limit of a father's sway,
To-morrow knows her by another name.
A promise firmly made, out-weighs thy worth,
And chides the organ list'ning to thy suit.

[Exit, O. P.

Young CALMET.

Was it for this I rush'd thro' seas of blood?
Sought I for this the pinnacle of fame?—
All-ruling heav'n, look down with pity on me,
Take back the plenteous harvest of the field,
And give the soft return of growing love.—

Hal

24 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Ha! pre-engag'd!—Can that sweet faint prove false?
 Can she, who breath'd her vows thro' perfum'd air,
 And charm'd with melody the list'ning spheres;—
 Can she so soon forget her faithful Calmet?
 Who can my rival be?—who ~~can~~ he be!—
 Oh, she has charms to captivate the world,
 And lead mankind her voluntary slaves!—
 If she prove true—shall I then give her up,
 And tamely yield her to a rival's arms?
 Oh, never but with life—P'll seek him out,
 Dart on him like the fury of despair,
 And grapple with him in the arms of death,
 Till he shall own who best deserves the prize.

CALMET.

See where our sov'reign comes.—Be calm, my child,
 Nor let thy passion overwhelm thy duty. [*Ex. Cal. P.S.*

[*Enter Radalces, O. P. with attendants.*

RADALCES.

Where is the brave preserver of my crown?
 How's this—disorder'd! where's the smile of conquest,
 The martial pride that decks the victor's brow?

Young CALMET.

Forgive, my royal lord, th' unmanner'd grief [*Kneels.*
 Which overwhelms regard, respect, and honour.
 Pardon the anguish of a bleeding heart!—
 The sweet reward of ev'ry anxious toil,
 Is wrested from my hope:—a cruel fire
 Denies my suit, and drives me to distraction.

RADALCES.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 25

RADALCES.

Rise up, rise up, for shame thou gallant youth,
Nor drown the victor in unmanly tears:—
Why shou'd thy brow the wither'd willow bear?
It fits not me to use the flatt'rer's tongue,
And swell the kalendar of thy desert:
Yet as an earnest of my future favour,
Command my services, and task my pow'r;
For by the few remaining days, which time's
Fleet hand allots, I swear to grant thy wish;
Conscious that honour's self will dictate still,
And bind thee close within his narrow verge.

Young CALMET.

These joyful drops, my liege, must speak my thanks,
And paint the glowing tumult of my soul:—
At your request Lysias shall yield consent,
And fair Altena crown her champion's love.

RADALCES.

If she's thy choice, I would not check the flame,
But light it up with hymen's brightest torch:
Be it your care to win the virgin's heart,
And leave to me the father's ruling sway.
I'll haste to Lysias, and should he refuse,
My strict command shall gain your wish'd-for prize.

[Exit. O. P.]

Young CALMET.

My bounding breast expands with rapt'rous joy,
[Re-enter Calmet.
And ev'ry vital spring o'erflows with transport:

E

But

26 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

But why, my fire rever'd, didst thou withdraw?
Why shun the presence of our gen'rous king?
He wou'd have cheer'd thy age with grateful praise,
And deck'd thy hoary head with marks of greatness.

CALMET.

To grace my furrow'd brow, wou'd mock at death;
'T wou'd shame the grave to crown the mould'ring dust,
Or plant new trophies round the humble tomb—
My few short hours of life wou'd ill become
The glare of pomp, and pageantry of state:—
Within this breast, my honours lie immur'd;
Yet when the hand of death has laid me low,
The tongue of fame shall speak aloud my worth;
Then shalt thou know I was not what I seem'd,
Nor blush to say that Calmet was thy fire. [Ex. P.S.

[Enter Altana and Zaphrina, Q. P.

ALTANA.

My Calmet!—

Young CALMET.

My dear, my lov'd Altana!
Is it allow'd me then to press thy hand,
To hear thee speak, and gaze upon thy eyes?
I could grow wild amidst this flow of joy,
And sink beneath the transports of my soul.

ALTANA.

Alas! my Calmet, whence can transport spring?
Not from the heart oppress'd with dark despair.—
I stole thro' secret paths to find my love;

Griev'd

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 27

Griev'd to the soul to damp his rising glory,
Or with a tale of sorrow wound his ear,
My lov'd, my honour'd, yet too cruel father,
Deaf to the tender rights of love and nature,
To proud Arfaces gives my destin'd hand;
Vowing to-morrow's sun shall seal my doom.

Young CALMET.

And can Altina meet the dire decree?—
Can she forget her vows—her plighted faith?
Can she behold her Calmet's bursting Breast?—
Oh! when that hour, that ruthless hour shall come—
My riving brain will glow with mad'ning rage—
The seat of mem'ry split with wild despair,
And fell distraction hurl misfortunes round.
Oh! let soft pity move thy gentle soul—
Who knows the bound'ries of insatiate rage?
Perhaps, amidst the whirlwind of my wrath,
My fated vengeance might alight on thee!
Ungovern'd fury might the rebel play,
And drown its native land in Parthian gore!

ALTINA.

Oh! could my life atone, or heal the breach,
How willingly I'd lay that trifle down,
And bare my bosom to receive the blow.—
The blow!—alas! the blow's already giv'n,
For Calmet stabs me with a doubt of faith!
He thinks a female fear can taint my soul,
And break the solemn vow I made to heav'n!

28 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Young CALMET.

Oh! thou art pure, as angel's radiant beams,
And I offend high heav'n to doubt thy truth!
Then to the centre sink each wav'ring doubt,
For know, the king hath pass'd his sacred word,
To make thy father yield him to our will.

ALTENA.

Build not on that sweet hope--the good old king
Has try'd in vain, to win him to our cause--
" My promises are past, my liege, (he cry'd)--
" Your majesty may cut my thread of life,
" But must not stain my honour." The aged king
Then shook his hoary head, and as he turn'd,
I saw a pearly tear bedew his cheek.

Young CALMET.

The hand of heav'n is arm'd against my life:
Fate whispers me to seize the present hour,
And gain by force the bliss thy fire denies.
Oh! I will fire the soldiers in my cause;
They will not see their leader thus despis'd--
I'll teach the proud Arfaces low submission,
And make him stoop beneath my vengeful arm.

ALTENA.

Patience, my love, is pale affliction's friend:
Then cool thy wild, impassion'd, ill-tim'd rage,
And hear the dictates of my love-fraught heart.--
When night has spread her sable-plaited clouds,
And seal'd up ev'ry curious prying eye,
I'll steal from home, and meet thee here again.

The

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 29

The sage may then perform his mystic rites,
And bind us firm, beyond a fire's controul.— [Going.
Lo, where he comes! oh, save me from his fury!

*[She sinks down. Calmet falls on his knee,
and catches her.]*

[Enter Lysias and Gobrias, O. P.]

LYSIAS.

Shame of thy race, dishonour to thy blood!—
And thou, thou vile seducer! villain! hypocrite!—
Oh! I have nurs'd a viper in my bosom,
Whose venom'd tooth now rankles in my heart!—
But come! compleat the work so well begun,
And strike, to heal the wound thyself hast giv'n—
Strike thro' my heart, and glory in thy crime!

Young CALMET.

I shake with horror, at the dreadful thought—
Murder the innocent!—strike through *thy* heart!—
So much I reverence your noble person,
So much esteem the parent of Altena,
That shou'd my soul e'er think so vile a deed,
My sinews wou'd grow slack, my hand recoil,
And turn the pointed steel against myself.—
But, oh! look here, behold this lifeless saint,
And let soft pity close the eye of rage.

LYSIAS.

Can pity sway, where justice asks revenge?
Methinks I cou'd almost forget the father,
And drench my poinard in a daughter's blood.

ZAPHRINA.

38 THE PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,

ZAPHRINA.

Consider, sir, the crime; if 'tis a crime,
'Twas not th' effect of voluntary choice!
No; 'twas high heav'n, which pointed out that youth,
That gallant youth, who only cou'd deserve her.

LYSIAS.

I will not hear thee plead against my honour,
Therefore no more—and as for thee, vain boy,
[To Calmet,
Dread all the vengeance of an injur'd father:
We have no need of your officious aid—
[Crosses over to Young Calmet, and takes
Altena by the hand,
Away, begone, and quench each vain fond wish—

ALTENA, *kneeling*.

Now in the name of all your hopes of heav'n,
By the dear mem'ry of my saint-like mother,
Let me conjure you drop this hateful match,
And in return my sighs shall waft your kindness
To high heav'n, and ev'ry pray'r call blessings
On your head.——

Young CALMET.

Can you be deaf to nature?——
Oh! think a little, what thy rigour acts, [Kneeling.
Nor rashly kill, with grief, an only child!
Oh, turn! in mercy turn, and spare her life!——
For me—I'll fly (for fair Altena's sake)
And bear this hated object from your sight.

Self-

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 31.

Self-banish'd will I wander o'er the earth,
 Amidst the dreadful pomp and front of war,
 Braving all danger, 'till the hand of death
 Shall deal the wish'd for blow, which cures all ills.

LYSIAS.

Away! I'll bear no more!—Help! force her hence!
 [Lysias and Gobrias seize her. She falls into
 their arms.

Young CALMET.

Stand off!—it must not be!—Forbear, I say! [Drawing.

ALTEA.

O Calmer!—Father!—Spare me! spare me! spare me!
 [They force her off. O. P.

Young CALMET.

Madness! Confusion! See! they tear her from me!—
 Tort'ring I stand upon the brink of fate,
 Loth to plunge in—unable to retire!—
 Oh! let me rescue innocence distress'd,
 And fly like light'ning on the wings of love.—

[Going, but stops short.

Where can I fly, or whither aim the blow?—
 Not in her father's breast—forbid it heav'n!
 And lay me low within some peaceful cell,
 Left dire despair shou'd seize my tortur'd brain,
 And fire my soul to deal abroad its vengeance.

[Exit, O. P.

End of the Second ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Outside of a Palace. Stage dark.*

Enter Young CALMET. O. P.

Young CALMET.

ENviron me beneath thy thickest gloom,
 Ye sable curtains of immortal hue!
 And thou, chaste Dian, hide thy glaring eye,
 Nor let a gleam of light betray my path.
 Now, guided by the rays of ardent love,
 I haste to meet the darling of my soul.
 Zaphrina promis'd, at this midnight hour,
 To bring me where Altena pines in grief:
 Then come, fair friend, smile thro' the shades of night,
 Conduct me to her—bring me to her arms,
 That I may chase all terror from her mind,
 And prove that love like mine can know no fear.

[Enter Zaphrina, from a door in the palace walk.]

ZAPHRINA.

Art thou a friend, or foe, that haunt'st this walk?

Young CALMET.

A friend profess, if fair Zaphrina asks.

ZAPHRINA.

ZAPHRINA.

Then come, thou friend profest, and ease a friend—
Thro' this dark entrance let me be thy guide.
But softly come, the hinges creak aloud,
And with harsh echo, thro' the hollow arch,
Perchance may reach the guards attendant ear.

Young CALBERT.

Silent as shades of night, my steps shall fall,
Nor crush the unprun'd herb beneath my feet:
The marbled floor, unconscious of my tread,
Shall not betray me to its vaulted roof.
Then come, thou heavenly pilot of distress,
Steer thro' the threatening waves of deep despair,
The shatter'd vessel of my care worn breast;
Bright angels shall reward thy pious care,
And shield thy virtue with their ermine wings. [Exe.

[Enter Arsaces and Gobrias, L. D. P. S.

ARSACES.

Come, Gobrias, come; beneath this silent shade,
I can unfold the secrets of my heart.
Hast thou distributed those sums of gold,
Amongst the soldiery whom I command?

GOBRIAS.

I have; nay more—have sworn 'em to be true.—
In different parties, round the palace wall,
They lie conceal'd, ripe for your first command.

F

ARSACES.

34 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

ARSACES.

Know then, my friend, the crisis of my glory
Hangs on the fortune of one fickle hour.
To-morrow, ere the sun has reach'd his height,
The lords are summon'd to appear in council;
Where our old king, tir'd with fatigues of state,
Will come resolv'd to lay his sceptre down.
'Tis thought th' election will on Lysias fall;
I therefore must secure Altena's hand,
To gain the rule at which my hopes aspire.

GOBRIAS.

But whence this caution? why such mighty zeal,
To 'trench an armament beneath these walls,
As if you meant to re-commence the war,
And stab the vital core of new-born peace?

ARSACES.

Oh! thou art little read in deep designs—
Calmet, that rival of my love and greatness,
Prompted by mad'ning rage and wild despair,
Perhaps, may arm the soldiers in his cause,
And seize by force the treasure that's deny'd him.
Now, let him do his worst, we are prepar'd.
Yet there's another nobler cause, my friend:
Shou'd the election glance a diff'rent way,
And the king mean to grace some other brow,
By heav'n I'll snatch by force the glitt'ring bait,
And shine triumphant in the glorious spoil.
But now, my friend, arm well against surprize,

The

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 35

The eye of caution cannot pierce too deep;
Therefore, with care, patrol around the walls,
And on the first occasion give th' alarm.

[Exit Gobrias. L. D. P. S.]

Ye twinkling stars, bright orbs of heav'nly fire,
Shine as ye roll, and, with refulgent glare,
Look down with envy on my golden hopes :—
The lustre of to-morrow's great event
Beams on my soul, and warms each rising wish.
Fulfil, ye gracious pow'rs, your high decree—
Give but the scepter'd rule, and regal sway,
And leave to me the conquest of the world.

[Exit. P. S.]

SCENE II. A Chamber.

ALTENA, discovered seated.

Burst lab'ring breast, and give thy sorrows vent;
And you, ye crystal windows of the mind,
Gushing in briny drops adown my cheeks,
Wash out the memory of all that's dear;
That wand'ring thro' the world disrob'd of thought,
I might forget a father's harsh command;
Forget myself—forget my Calmet too!
No—let me cherish still that dear idea,
Lest I should curse the author of my being,
And plunge my soul beneath forgiving mercy.

[Draws a dagger.]

Thou terror pointed steel, whose polish'd hue
Curdles the crimson flood which warms the heart,

36 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

Be near at hand, attendant on my will,
That when they drag me to the altar's verge,
Thou may'st, in streams of blood, forbid the bans,
Who's there?—*(starting)* [*Ent. Zaphrina. P. S.*
Zaphrina! how is it with me—
When ev'n a friendly step alarms my soul?
Where is the partner of my woe, my Calmet?

ZAPHRINA.

Without he waits, to ease your burthen'd mind.

ALTENA.

Admit him, friend.—

[*Exit. Zaph. P. S.*

Sure I may see his face—

Sigh an adieu—receive his last farewell,

And not o'erstep the bounds of modesty.

[*Enter Young Calmet and Zaphrina. P. S.*

Young CALMET.

My love, my all that's dear, my weeping bride!
Drown not the roses of thy cheeks with tears:
The heav'ns, in smiles, invite to kinder climes,
Courting thy truth to dwell in peaceful bow'rs.
Oh, let us snatch occasion ere it flies,
And leave this place where threatening danger lurks—
I have a speed prepar'd, so swift of foot,
The sportive gales scarce reach him in their flight;
And yet so gentle, that a silken thread
Will check his course, or turn his wild career.
A few short hours will shew us Syria's shore,
And truth rewarded rest in hymen's bands:
Then haste, my love, lest morn prevent our flight.

ALTENA.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 37

ALTENA.

Oh, duty, duty, how thou strugglest here!—
The tie of nature winds about my heart,
And pulls, with giant strength, each tremb'ling string:
What! shall I quit a much lov'd father's roof,
And, flying, plant fresh daggers in his breast?—
Oft, in my infancy, with fondling care,
He kiss'd my lips, and bore me on his knee,
'Till viewing all the mother in my face,
He lost the man, and bath'd my cheeks with tears;
And whilst I ripen'd in maturer age,
With kind regard, he sought out new delights,
As all his bus'ness here, was love of me!—
And can I thus repay his anxious zeal?
Can I forget the mighty debt I owe,
Or turn ingrate to him, who gave me being?—
Oh, never, never!—

Young CALISTO.

Dost thou disclaim me?—
Yield thyself a prey to vile Arlaces?—
Oh, shou'd we pass this short, unguarded hour,
Or lavish moments in a loose neglect!
The glaring eye of day will spread abroad,
And mark us victims to successful love:—
Thy father's rage will blast our tend'rest views,
And doom thee to a tyrant rival's arms.

ZAPHRINA.

'Tis true, Altana—yield then to advice,

And

38 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,

And seize this lucky instant of escape ;—
Thy father's wakeful care may else prevent it :—
Thou now must save thyself by flight with Calmet,
Or yield obedience to Arfaces' will.

ALTENA.

Yield to Arfaces !—Oh ! detested thought !—
No ; let me lonely rove thro' barren climes,
Thro' thorny paths, and terror's dreary wastes,
Where hungry lions roam abroad for prey,
And lurking serpents hide their forked stings,
Rather than dedicate a thought to him.—
Come, lead me where thou wilt—direct my steps—
Guide me thro' peril's dark and guileful track ;—
I will not speak, or think, or dream of aught
But Calmet's gentle love, and heav'n's high will.—
Where must I go ?—Oh, whither must I fly ?

Young CALMET.

To that abode, where love and truth resides.

ALTENA.

Come, I'll obey the mandates of my heart—
So, gently on—(*going.*) What means this boding here ?
Oh, heav'n's ! my father's image rises to my view,
And bars my passage with an angry frown :
It frights my flutt'ring heart, and awes my soul.

Young CALMET.

Do not alarm thy tender sinking frame,
With fancy'd visions and aerial dreams ;
At dead of night, when fancy'd forms appal,

The

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 39

The callow eagle, rustling in his nest,
Might shake the heart oppress'd with conscious guilt;
But thou art pure, as innocence itself,
And may'st defy the wand'ers of the dark.

ALTENA.

Well, I'm to blame—Now I attend your call—
All gracious heav'n! conduct my wand'ring steps—
Strengthen my heart, and heal my father's grief. [*Going.*

Enter Arsaces, P. S.

Is this a vision?—this an airy dream? [*Starting.*
Vanish, oh vanish, bane of all my peace!— [*To Arsaces.*
Alas, Zaphrina! — [*Leaning on Zaphrina.*

ARSACES.

Well, sir! is't thus we meet? [*To Young Calmet.*
Is this thy triumph for a conquest gain'd?
Blush, blush for shame!—'tis basely mean, unmanly,
To scale the walls thus at a midnight hour,
With vile intent, to blast a father's peace,
And wound his honour in the nicest vein:
To stain the lover's solemn plighted troth,
And pierce his bosom deep with jealous pangs!
Retire in haste, lest thou shou'dst rouse my rage,
To vindicate a husband's sacred right.

ALTENA.

A husband's right!—no, I disclaim the title—
Thou vainly boast'st a savage right of pow'r,
A tyrant custom, and usurper's plea.—
Away, and shun the ills thou may'st avoid.

Young

40 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

Young CALMET.

Be well advis'd, my lord, and let us pass.—
My fame, my glory, will I yield to thee,
And grant thee all the hand of pow'r hath giv'n;
But if thou dar'st to cross me in my love,
Expect the bolts of fury on thy head,
With all the horrors of remorseless hate.

ARSACES.

What canst thou boast, that I shou'd shrink from thee?
Dost thou presume, 'cause fortune gave success,
To deck vain glory with ambition's spoil?
Wou'dst thou erect thy head o'er lords o'th' realm,
And bid us bow to *thy* despotic sway?

Young CALMET.

Whence is this vile contempt, and proud disdain?
Who am I, sir? —

ARSACES.

The son of noble Calmet. —

Young CALMET.

'Spite of that sneering glance, and brow severe,
I am, indeed, the son of noble Calmet:
And proud I am, in that I sprang from him,
Whose worth cou'd raise our lowly humble cot,
Above *thy* lofty dome, and tow'ring height.

ARSACES.

Damnation! dost thou dare to brave me too?
To soil my dignity and noble birth?

My

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 41

My soul disdains the worthless mean compare,
And scorns to rank the di'mond with the pebble.

Young CALMET.

Thou wear'st the dignities thy grandfire won,
And all *his* glories blazon round *thy* crest,
But I shou'd blush to own such borrow'd gems,
Yet never add thereto one gleam of lustre—
Then leave this idle vaunt, this boasted birth:
Search to the root the loftiest spreading oak
That ever wav'd his branches o'er the lawn,
Thou'lt find an scorn gave his grandeur birth.

ARSACES.

Curse on my stars!—insulted! sham'd! traduc'd!
Laid low in rank, and levell'd with the meanest!
Brav'd by the giddy upstart of a day!—
But to a lady's presence owe thy safety.

Young CALMET.

Safety from thee!—away ambitious man,
Left thou should'st raise a storm to lay thee low,
And make thee curse thy rash, ill-tim'd presumption.

ARSACES.

Is it presumption to assert my right—
To guard inviolate my destin'd bride?
Is it presumption to oppose the wretch,
Who would despoil the treasure of my heart?
A father's sway has giv'n her to my arms,
And with my life I will preserve the prize.

G

ALTEA.

42. *The* PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,

ALTENA.

Can you accept a hand without a heart,
And write yourself a tyrant ravisher?
Cou'd I before the altar vow to love,
Where honour tells me I am bound to hate?
Thou art my bane, the curse of all my hopes,
And hover'st o'er me like a mortal plague.

Young CALMET.

Retire my dearest life, and thou her friend,
That I may teach this giddy boasting boy,
That force of love out-weighs the pomp of grandeur;
Convince his pride, that courage knows no bounds,
But springs alike within the cot or palace:
Where virtue dwells, there does he fix his seat,
And shuns acquaintance with the house of fear.

ARSACES.

Cou'd coward fear e'er lodge within this breast,
I'd rip it up, and cast the traitor from me.
It beams with glory, dazzling as the sun,
And scorns t' admit a rival in its sphere.

Young CALMET.

Observe my word, and mark my last resolve—
For shou'd the warring world conjoin its force,
To bar my passage, or obstruct my way—
I'd brave its pow'r, to cut a passage thro'.—
Therefore receive these proffer'd terms of peace,
Which now my ardent love deigns to propose:
Accept the honours I have lately won,

Reign

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 43

Reign sole commander of our hardy troops,
And take the triumph heav'n design'd for me;
Deem me your friend, and always task my pow'r.
In lieu of which, I make but one request,
That thou wou'dst grant me now a passage free—
For, by the honour of my soul I swear,
I wou'd not shed one drop of Parthian blood,
Unless resistless need should urge the blow.

ARSACES.

Then mark *me* too—thus I defy thy pow'r, [*Draws.*
And boldly bar the path you mean to tread:
E'er you pass here, the one of us must fall.

Young CALMET.

Thus then I greet thee—and am proud to find, [*Draws.*
One unextinguish'd spark of valour left:
My heart pants eager for the dreadful fray,
And love uplifts my arm to end the strife.

[*Altina and Zaphrina run between them.*

ALTINA.

Here give the wound, which ends your civil broils:
[*Hanging on Arsaces.*
Mark *me* the victim of your desp'rate hate,
For thou shalt never touch my Calmet's life,
While I have strength to stop the vengeful stroke,
Or ward the blow with my opposing breast.

ARSACES.

Whap, hold my arms!—betray me to my foe!
Yield me a victim to your paramour!

44 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Young CALMET.

Did'st thou grasp thunder, such a word as that
Wou'd make me rend the heav'ns to seek revenge:
Take then the fate thy insolence demands.

ARSACES.

Must I be sacrific'd!—nay then, who waits?

[Enter Gobrias and eight guards, P. S.]

Seize on that bold, that undermining slave,
Who has betray'd the laws of hospitality:

[Four guards seize and disarm Young Calmet.]

Nay comes, perhaps, to lay a scene of blood,
And massacre the nobles of our land.

Young CALMET.

Stand off, ye slaves! and know your gen'ral's voice:
'Tis I! 'tis I, who call—obedient hear,
And vindicate your leader!—seize on him,
That traitor, villain, tyrant, ravisher!

ARSACES.

Be deaf, my friends, nor listen to his rage,
But force him hence, and bear him to a dungeon—
There let him vainly rave, and fume, and boast,
And reign triumphant o'er his narrow bounds.

Young CALMET.

Dar'st thou thus basely stain the name of man?—
Let go your hold, ye slaves! nor bar my way,
That, like a baited lion, I may turn,

Tear

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 49

Tear his false heart, and scatter to the winds
The baneful memory of treach'rous hate.

ALTEA.

Tyrants! assassins! murderers! quit your hold!—
The hand of heaven will surely arm for this.

ARSACES.

I'll hear no more—quick bear him from my sight! I
[Guards struggle with Young Calmet.

Young CALMET.

May curses blast me, if I e'er forgive thee!—
When I am freed from this unjust surprize,
Oh, I will haunt thee thro' each bloody track,
Pursue thy steps, impede thy trembling flight,
And prove thee coward too, as well as villain!

[Forced off, O. P.

ALTEA.

Stay, Calmet! stay! and hear my fervent vow—
See what a sacrifice I'll make to love—
I'll bare my breast to a detractor's sword,
And bleed to free the darling of my soul.
He's gone!—horrors, in dreary shapes arise,
And give this monster's adamant heart:
Rend him with terrors, and distracting dreams,
That he may curse too late his coward arts,
And pull destruction on his guilty head.
Oh! let me fly, and move a father's heart,
To save his daughter, or pronounce her death.

[Exit with Zaphrina, P. S.

ARSACES!

46 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

ARSACES.

Haste, Gobrias! haste! and stop her am'rous flight,
Lest her distress shou'd melt a father's soul!
Bear her upon the wings of silent speed,
Under the covert of this friendly gloom.
My castle's strength will mock her feeble cries,
And close confinement bend her stubborn mind.—
I'll answer for my conduct to her sire.

[*Exit Gobrias, P. S.*

Cou'd I attain the pinnacle of fame,
Without entangling in the marriage bond,
I wou'd give up this slave enamour'd fair,
And yield her to her beggar's prior claim—
But all my rising glory dawns thro' her.
Tho' she were cast in nature's fairest mould,
Others boast more the bloom of beauty's prime;
And yet this Calmet pines and dies for love.
It wou'd be kind to 'minister relief—
A dagger might do much—'twou'd heal his woes,
But I must weigh this well ere I apply.—
The glitt'ring pomp of Kings inflames my soul:—
I wou'd be envy'd, homag'd, lov'd and fear'd,
And lord it o'er the race of human kind—
I wou'd be mighty—wou'd be more than man,
And blaze alone the meteor of the world!

[*Exit, P. S.*

End of the Third ACT.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 47

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Enter ARSACES and GORRIAS. P.S.

ARSACES.

CALMET escap'd! whence comes this stroke of
chance?

GORRIAS.

Soon as the morning dawn'd, his father came,
Heading a num'rous troop of vet'rans brave:
I held it vain t' oppose superior force,
So let 'em free their gen'ral from his bonds.—
Soon as releas'd, he vow'd revenge on you,
Then search'd the palace for the fair Altens:—
But when he found you had convey'd her thence,
He tore his hair, and turn'd his eyes to heav'n,
Seeming to chide the fates which plann'd his ruin:—
At length, arousing from his sorrow's trance,
He nimbly mounted on his martial steed,
Headed the troops, and swore to sacrifice
The lives of all who durst oppose his fury.

ARSACES.

And think'st thou this can daunt a soul like mine?—
By heav'n, the glare of war shines out anew,
And

48 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,

And glows within my breast with dreadful pomp.—
Oh ! I've the business of the world in view,
And one short hour decides the sov'reign sway.
Say, are our nobles in the senate met ?

GOBRIAS.

All met, impatient of our king's decree.

ARSACES.

But for Altena, our fair prisoner,
How suits confinement with her haughty soul ?

GOBRIAS.

Silent she sits, with fix'd and down-cast eyes,
As if she meditated deep designs,
And dreamt of mischievous and dire events.

ARSACES.

Oh ! let her meditate, and fume, and fret,
And stifle choler 'till her proud heart bursts:
She must be mine—the must !—by heav'n she shall !—
'Tis not a sullen air, or coy disdain,
Can make impression on a soul like mine,
Form'd to control and vanquish ev'ry ill.

[Trumpet without.

But hark ! that trumpet speaks the king's approach—
Now, Gobrias, to our work—the task is hard,
But danger flies when valour looks askance.
Soon as th' election's known, release Altena,
For shou'd her father gain th' imperial sway,
I boldly grasp at once the crown and her :—
If not, my troops, lodg'd round th' assembly gates,

Shall

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 49

Shall speak more pow'rful in behalf of me.
 Our coward lords shall lowly bend the knee,
 Owning the eloquence of pointed steel.
 Be near to bring me news of what shall pass,
 Yet think not to advance myself alone
 I plume the pinions of ambition's wing,
 But to place high my well deserving friends.—
 Your int'rest, Gobrias, depends on mine,
 And shares the shade, or sun-shine of my fortune.

[Exit Gobrias, P. S.]

Smile, smile, ye heav'ns, on firm and brave resolves;—
 'Tis not for calm, reflecting, dronish age,
 With palsy'd hand, to wield a sceptre's sway—
 No—it demands the vig'rous nerve of youth,
 The active spirit, and hot glowing soul,
 To check presumptuous foes, and rebel slaves.—
 Then come, thou glitt'ring scourge of pallid fear;
 Come, let me grasp thee—brandish thee on high,
 And teach subjection to our neighb'ring states.

[Exit, P. S.]

SCENE II. A Chamber.

ALTENA and ZAPHRINA discovered.

ALTENA.

At length the starting tear hath freed my mind,
 Hath gain'd me time to recollect my griefs,
 Swelling each riving thought with fell despair;—
 Then come, thou black and melancholy fiend,
 Rise from the dreary mansion where thou reign'st,

H

And

50 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE; *Or,*

And stand before me clad in dread array :
Bring with thee fury, rage and horror dire—
Possess me all—possess my heart—my brain,—
That rushing thus into thy eager arms,
I throw the weight of ev'ry care behind !

[Draws a dagger, which Zaphrina wrests from her.]

ZAPHRINA.

What means my friend ?

ALTENA.

Alas ! I know not what——
I wou'd be free—wou'd cast my burthen off :
I wou'd out-fly the lazy wings of time,
And in a moment reach the goal of life.

ZAPHRINA.

Thou rav'st, Altena; recollect thyself,
Nor let ungovern'd rashness whelm thy mind.
Thro' reason's eye behold a father's grief,
Streaming in anguish o'er thy mangled corse :—
Behold a lover on disaster's height,
Ready to leap, and catch thy sinking shade.

ALTENA.

Thou'st rais'd a dreadful image to my view—
Murder my father ! pierce *his* heart thro' mine !—
Madness !—Destruction waits on such a thought !—
All-gracious heav'n, who govern'st our weak frames,
Let radiant angels hover o'er my head,
Still shelt'ring me from ev'ry frantic ill,
Lest, in the torrent of unbounded grief,

My

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 51

My vengeful arm shou'd do an act of horror,
 And plunge a much-lov'd father into ruin:—
 Lest my dear Calmet, shudd'ring at the sight,
 Shou'd weep in tears of blood my wretched fall.—
 Oh, I'm divided betwixt love and duty!—
 Here duty strongly pleads a father's cause,
 Whilst nature cherishes the fond idea.
 But love hath wak'd a rebel in my breast;
 My sex's pride glows warm in ev'ry vein.—
 Oh, shame of honour, thus to be confin'd!
 Thus, like a criminal, to wait my doom!
 But what's my doom, to my poor suff'ring lord's?
 Perhaps he groans beneath the weight of chains,
 Or vents his passion in a dungeon's depth!

Z A P H R I N A.

When loads of woe bear hard upon the mind,
 Patience and coolness best endure the weight,
 Or point out means to throw the burthen off.

A L T E N A.

Were there one single ray, one glimm'ring spark,
 To light me thro' this labyrinth of woe,
 I wou'd suppress each sigh, each bursting tear,
 And bow submissive to the scourge of fate.
 But wheresoe'er I turn, lo! what awaits!—
 A father's harsh command o'er awes my will—
 A hated lover claims my promis'd hand,
 And all I hold most dear is ravish'd from me,
 To wait his fortune in a dark abode.—
 But thou shalt rule me till the last extreme.

H 2

T 11

52 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Till the most distant glimpse of peace be lost,
Patient I'll sit, attendant on my lot,
Pouring incessantly my pray'rs to heav'n;—
So thou wilt promise, that when furies rise,
To overwhelm my weak and sinking form;—
When not an harbour opens to my view,
But all the horrors of despair surround me,
Thou wilt return that cure of human ills,
And own 'tis just I place it next my heart.

ZAPHRINA.

Rather than see thee break thy vow to heav'n,
Or yield thy hand to proud Arsaces' sway,
Myself wou'd play the murd'rer's dreadful part,
And follow thee thro' all the paths of death.

ALTENA.

I know thy faith, I trust my cause with thee,
And now am calm as infants lull'd to rest.

[Enter Gobrias, P. S.]

GOBRIAS.

Hail, peerless princess! whose exalted charms [Kneels]
The hand of heav'n with royalty anoints,
To place 'em in a more conspicuous view—
All hail! Thy noble father, whose virtues
Thro' many years have grac'd the Parthian state,
Now sits enthron'd in majesty divine.—
His royal will is, that on the instant
You attend the court, where all the chiefs are met
To witness to the union he intends
Betwixt Arsaces and your royal self.

ALTENA.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 53

ALTENA.

Rise, servile wretch, base grov'ling slave, arise!
Thou wert my jailor but a-while ago,
Yet now in low submission bend'st thy knee.
Say, I attend—and see my face no more.

[Exit Gobrias, P. S.]

Now, now, my valu'd friend, new storms arise,
New tempests threaten, and big clouds descend
To hide a deed the sun would blush to view.—
Come, let me deck me in a pomp of woe,
Such as may fit the horrors of the day,
And paint the imag'ry of deep despair.

[Going, but stops short.]

My poor lost Calmet!—take this parting sigh,—
'Tis all distress Altana can bestow,
Except the tribute of a silent tear:—
Yet I will add a nobler sacrifice—
With a true Parthian spirit bless thy name,
Then wing my soul for an eternal flight. [Exit. O. P.]

SCENE III. Council Chamber.

*Lyfias discovered on a throne: The king and nobles
seated on each side.*

RADALCES, rising.

Thanks, noble friends, my gratitude to all.—
Nor joy I less in that I quit the throne,
Than that the gen'ral voice concurs with mine,
In naming Lyfias ruler of the realm.

Then

54 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Then keep, my royal friend, your subjects' hearts,

[*To Lysias.*

Wear long your crown, and reign your people's boast,
Whilst in retirement, with a pious friend,

I throw the weight of earth-born cares aside ;

Forget the vain parade of pomp and state,

To seek in heav'n a mansion of repose.

LYSIAS.

My liege, it is your will I rule the land,

And these my friends have ratify'd your choice. —

My country's love is now become my duty,

Which ever watchful for the public good,

Shall spread eternal blessings o'er the realm.

The meanest peasant shall not plead in vain,

Nor the oppressive lord unpunish'd pass ; —

All shall have right without the law's delay :

Justice shall pluck the bandage from her eyes,

That she may well discern where merit claims,

And deal out favours with impartial hand. —

Before ye all, I pass this solemn vow,

And heav'n so bless me as I keep the bond.

[*Shout without.*

What means that shout? say whence that rude alarm?

[*Enter Gobrias hastily.* P. S.

GOBRIAS.

My liege, the soldiers all are up in arms,

Their glitt'ring sabres blaze thro' ev'ry street,

And with an universal voice they cry,

“ That Calmet shall be king—their gallant chief,

“ Who

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 55

"Who led 'em on to conquest, shall be king."
He and his father ride triumphant on,
Whilst public clamour echoes back his name.

LYSIAS.

Is treason then so near?—Where is Arsaces?

GORRIAS.

Without the gate, heading his faithful troops.

LYSIAS.

Charge him with gentleness to calm their breasts,
Nor strike till dire necessity compels. [Exit P. S.
Behold, my lords, th' uncertainty of state;
Scarce hath the diadem adorn'd my brow,
And the bright sceptre glitter'd in my hand,
Than a despoiler comes, with vile intent,
To force it thence, and wrest it from my grasp.—
Shall the historian, who in after-times
May faithful trace the records of my reign,
Blot his first page with blood?—with Parthian blood?
The new-sheath'd sword, blunted by raging war,
Leap from the scabbard to its master's breast?
Must we sit tamely still, lay bare our throats,
And cry, "Strike here, my ever gracious lord?"
Or shall we boldly throw out brave defiance;
Arm all our friends, soldiers, and trusty slaves,
And try to crush rebellion ere we fall?

RADALCES.

Can Calmet, whom I planted next my heart—
He, in whose loyalty my faith was wrapp'd;

Can

56 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Can he, forgetful of his lowly birth,
With rebel hand attempt to reach a crown?
Oh! I have stood and gaz'd upon his face,
Thinking I saw the soul of modest worth
Shoot from his eyes, and glow in ev'ry glance!—
Surely deceit was form'd the scourge of kings,
Whence proud ambition might receive a check,
And learn by that his pow'r was not immortal!

[Shout without.

Whence that alarm?—

[Enter Gobrias, P. S.

LYSIAS.

Say wherefore look'st thou pale?

GOBRIAS.

My sov'reign liege, the lord Arsaces' slain!—

LYSIAS.

Is slaughter then let loose?—Shall death again,
With giant strides, affright our city's peace,
And sweep away our small remains of life?

GOBRIAS.

When Calmet led his forces to the court,
My lord invited him to friendly parle,
And promis'd large redress for ev'ry wrong:—
Calmet accepted of the terms propos'd;
And as they walk'd, they seem'd in converse mild:—
Ent'ring the walls which guard the senate round,
Our soldiers (planted for that purpose there)
Strait clos'd the gates, and seiz'd on Calmet's arms.

Finding

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 57

Finding the toil, too late—with lion rage
 He tore himself from out his keeper's hold;
 Drew forth his sword, and on Arsaces rush'd,
 Whose faint resistance cou'd not 'bide the shock,
 But quickly fell, and dy'd without a groan.
 Lie there, thou faithless wretch, young Calmer said,
 Take the reward of treachery and guile:—
 Then threw his weapon down with martial scorn,
 Crying, my just revenge is now compleat,
 So lead me where you please.—He waits in chains
 Without, attendant on your will.—

LYSIAS.

Go then,
 Produce this rebel slave before our face.—

[Exit Gobrias, P. S.]
 I grieve to lose my friend and near ally;
 But Calmer's spouting veins shall glut revenge.

[Enter Young Calmer (in chains), Gobrias, and
 guards, P. S.]

[Exit Gobrias, P. S.]
 Well, Sir, we dare confront that trait'rous frown,
 Tho' rank rebellion lurk beneath its shade;
 Success had blown thy bubble wishes high:—
 Thy patriotic fire, and fears of arms,
 Have sunk beneath the weight of treach'rous ire;
 Thy rebel hand, new stain'd with princely blood,
 No more must grasp the trophies of the field.
 Why does thy sullen pride disdain reply?

Young

58 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Young CALMET.

Because ingratitude has drawn her sword,
And plung'd it deep within my spotless breast;
Because I blush to view such base returns
For all the toils and perils of my youth;
Because, I value honour more than life,
If, in the raging shock of dread alarms,
My soul were ever ting'd with dastard fear,
I then have merited reward of death.
If in the plunder of a conquer'd foe
I e'er purloin'd a feather to myself,
Or robb'd the foldier of his lawful claim,
I stand prepar'd to meet the doom of death.
If for my vengeance on a boist'rous foe,
Who trait'rously besought my love and life,
I bow submissive to the hand of fate,
And bless this honest arm which brought it on.
But if ambitious love be all my crime,
I shall be proud to give up life for that,
Whence I may prove amidst death's bitter pangs,
That virtuous hearts may mock at terror's king.

LYSANDER.

Full well thou talk'st—but eloquence is weak,
When facts can contradict each lofty strain—
Thou hast seduc'd th' allegiance of thy troops,
And can'st with force to seize upon our crown.

Young CALMET.

Oh! had ambition's views glanc'd to'ards a throne,
Who cou'd have barr'd me from the restless seat?

I cou'd

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 59

I cou'd have pour'd such multitudes around,
As might have fill'd our streets with widow'd cries—
I cou'd have led 'em forth, like mailed bees,
(Ev'n when they drive their armed young abroad,
To seek fresh climates, and new-people worlds)
And hiv'd 'em where I pleas'd.—Vile thought ayaunt!
My soul now shudders in her narrow bound,
Barely to think what mischiefs might have been.

[Enter Gobrias, P. S.

GOBRIAS.

Most mighty Sir, old Calmet now is ta'en.

LYSIAS.

Go, lead him forth—lead him to instant death:
We will not look upon his hoary beard,
Nor see the woman trickling down his cheeks.

Young CALMET.

Oh! think a little on thy harsh decree;
Think thou behold'st him totter on life's verge:
Time, leads him by the palsy'd hand along,
And death hath op'd his door to take him in:
A few short steps conducts him to the grave:
Then do not rudely cut his web of being,
Nor bathe your hands in venerable blood;
For thro' the course of fourscore years and ten,
I dare be sworn he never yet knew guile,
Or ev'n a thought at which his cheeks might glow:
Then spare this second childhood of his age,
And let my blood pay ransom for his life.

I 2

LYSIAS,

60 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

LYSIAS.

Both, both shall die—both feel the scourge of wrath!
Go; to the scaffold lead 'em instant forth.

RADALCES.

Yet hold, my friend;—tho' justice dooms 'em dead,
Extensive mercy still should bear some sway;
I wou'd not plunge their souls in black despair:
Allow some little time, some moment's pause,
That they may make a lasting truce with heav'n,
And blot out the rememb'rance of their crimes.

LYSIAS.

It shall be so—Give 'em an hour of life;
Then bring 'em forth to public execution.
We will ourselves, my lords, attend their death,
Whilst ev'ry honour due to former valour,
We'll pay, as tributes to young Calmet's shrine.
The martial pomp of state—the fun'ral rites
Shall wipe away the stains of this day's guilt,
And bury in oblivion rebel taints.

Young CALMET.

Away with flatt'ring pomp, and fun'ral rites—
Bring me to instant death, to tortures, racks,
So thou wilt spare my parent's helpless age!
Let *him* like mellow fruit fall from his bough,
And lop *my* blossoms as your wills decree—
In ev'ry pang, I'll drop a pray'r to heav'n,
And urge my friends to guard your life from harm.

[*Shout without.*]

LYSIAS.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 60

LYSIAS.

These are the shouts of thy much boasted friends;
 These valiant rebels, bolden'd by thy cause—
 But we shall find a way to stem the tide.—
 Come, let us face these treas'nous sons of war;
 And buy their friendship with their gen'ral's wealth:
 Gold will soon bend their stubborn minds to peace.—
 Gobrias, stay you, and watch the hour at hand.

[Exit Lysias, and lords, P. S.]

Young CALMET.

I wou'd that hour were but a moment's breath,
 That bold as innocence my soul might rise,
 Without one cloudy mist to clog its flight!
 And yet, that moment wou'd appear an hour;
 The hour, a day; and that, a winter's year:
 For my lov'd father's image wou'd start up,
 My dear Altena stand before my eyes!—
 Hell!—Desperation urges on that thought!—
 Lend me thy sword—quick lend thy sword, I say!

[To Gobrias.]

For at my death, my father's heart will burst,
 My dear Altena shake life's burthen off,
 And all be still as nature ne'er were fram'd.

[Leans on the guards.]

[Enter Altena, and Zaphrina, in mourning, O. P.]

ALTENA.

Now I attend their awful stern commands
 And to the altar bend my wayward steps—

My

62 THE PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,

Myself the sacrifice, which meets their doom :
Then lead me forth, the victim of despair.—
Shou'd I once shrink in what I have resolv'd,
Punish me, heaven, as my crimes deserve. [Going:
Already am I punish'd—punish'd sore— [Starting.
For see, my lov'd lord's shade appears in bonds!

Young CALMET.

Art thou Altina?—Speak my senses true?
Or art thou but the image of my love?
Oh, no! 'tis she! 'tis she!—her heav'n-born self!
She comes to take a lasting kind farewell,
And waft my fleeting soul to realms of bliss.

ALTINA.

Immortal pow'rs!—What mean those galling chains?
Oh! my foreboding heart points out the truth—
Thou art to die!—

Young CALMET.

To die a traitor's death.—
My father too must lose his hoary head!
There, there's the anguish!—there the bitter pang!
There breaks the cordage of my bleeding heart!—
Not for myself, but him—for him I feel!—
Oh, bitter torment! Oh, soul piercing thought!—
Yet I could bear this well—endure the load,
For that I know he'll smile upon the stroke,
And look on life as worthless of his care.
But when I think that I must part with thee—
With thee, the dearest treasure of my heart!—
That I must never, never see thee more!—

Oh,

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 63

Oh, I cou'd rave, and burst these shameful bonds!
Tear off these locks, and dash my desp'rate brain!—
Nay, speak, my love! I cannot bear that look!

ALTEA.

What can I say? I have no vent for words!

Young CALMET.

One word of comfort speak—Distract me not!

ALTEA.

Art thou a traitor?—Tell me, if thou art,
That I may curse the sacrilegious hand,
Which durst attempt my father's precious life.

Young CALMET.

Attempt his life! by heav'n, not ev'n in thought!
But tell me, What portend those fable weeds?

ALTEA.

This is my wedding-suit, and well befits
The mockery of bliss I'm doom'd to share:
For know, Arfaces waits my destin'd hand,
And stays impatient at the altar's foot.

Young CALMET.

Arfaces 'waits thee at the silent tomb:
His dastard soul sunk down beneath this arm.

ALTEA.

Arfaces dead!—I fear for that thou dy'st!
Thou'st giv'n me life, for I was arm'd for death—
But in redeeming me, thou'rt lost thyself.

GOBRIAS.

64 THE PARTHIAN EXILE, OR,

GOSRIAS.

My lord, prepare—the time steals on apace.

ALTENA.

The time!—What time steals on?

Young CALMET.

The hour of fate——

'Tis all that is allow'd—the span of being—
And part of that is hap'ly spent with thee.

ALTENA.

So near thy end, and do I loiter here?
Quick let me fly, and find my father out;
Hang on his knees, and thaw his frozen heart.
If love or pity dwell within his mind,
Oh! I will wake 'em with my sighs and tears!
Shriek in his ears, and fright him to compliance!
I will not take my leave; or say farewell—
For if I live, my valu'd lord, thou liv'st;
Or if thou part'st with life, we'll die together.

[Exit with Zaphrina, P. S.]

Young CALMET.

I will not fool the time with flatt'ring hope,
But steel my mind to bear each tort'ring pang.—
Come, shew me to my dungeon's baleful depth,
Where I may dedicate one pray'r to heav'n,
Then arm my soul to meet the frown of death.

[Exe. L. D. P. S.]

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Grove at a Distance.*

A Scaffold and Rack on one Side of the Stage.

*Enter Calmet and Guards, P. S. Calmet stops short,
and fixes his Eyes stedfastly on the Scaffold.*

Enter Lysias, King, Gobrias, and Nobles, O. P.

LYSIAS.

THIS scene of terror pierces ev'ry sense;
I scarce can look upon that wither'd brow,
But strait the blood runs shudd'ring to my heart.
Yet, let me muster ev'ry firm resolve;
Cast off the yielding babe of nature from me,
And stone my breast to bear this dismal shock.
Thou view'st that engine with a calm disdain, [*To Calm.*
As if it merited thy utmost scorn.
Hadst thou no dread on earth, no awe of heav'n,
That thou cou'dst prompt thy boy to murd'rous hate?
Cou'dst thou to gain for him a temp'ral crown,
Turn traitor, and forego a crown immortal?

CALMET.

Behold this hoary head, the work of time,
[*Pulling off his turband.*
Whence sorrow by the root pluck'd ev'ry hair,

K

And

66 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

And left it bald as are the Alpine hills:—
 Say, can this brow support a diadem's weight—
 Or can this wither'd hand a sceptre wield?
 If, in the checquers of my care-worn years,
 My heart e'er yielded to a conscious crime,
 Deny, all-gracious heav'n, thy healing balm,
 And spurn me back from thine eternal throne.

LYSIAS.

Dar'st thou equivocate so near thy end?
 Thou cou'dst not bear the crown on thy own brow,
 Yet wou'dst have snatch'd it to adorn thy son's!
 But we shall find a way to force out truth.—
 Give him the torture strait!—

CALMET.

One moment hold,
 And let a parent urge his tender plea:—
 You have yourself a child, an only child,
 And know the near affinity of blood,
 Then, by that sacred tie, let me conjure thee
 To view thy error with a milder eye.
 Not for myself I crave thy mercy's aid,
 But for a darling son, who knows no guilt.
 Hast thou no drop of nature in thy breast?
 I might as well strike adamantine rocks,
 And bid soft pity issue from their pores!—
 Oh man! 'tis well thy time of life is short!
 'Tis well too, that, by idle dreams and slumbers,
 Thou cutt'st off half the shortness of that date;
 Else wou'dst thou rush into such vile excess,
 That heav'n itself wou'd blush to own its work.

LYSIAS.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 67

LYSIAS.

Droop not, my royal friend and noble brother,

[To Radalces.

My soul, like yours, is touch'd with manly grief,

And I will mingle mercy with my justice.

CALMET.

Bless the dear breeze that wafts thee on to mercy—

Spare but my boy, I'll close my lips for ever!

LYSIAS.

Oh! had thy crimes been aught but trait'rous pride,

Thy tongue might well have spar'd its fruitless boon,

And those white locks have pleaded in thy cause.

But tho' thou merit it not compassion's aid,

Yet will I give a loose to nature's call,

And save thee from the tortures of the rack.—

Give him immediate death, and let him hang

[To Gobrias.

A dread example to plebeian slaves:

Then fix his quarters on our city walls.

CALMET.

Oh! if I yield me up and suffer this,

Say, wilt thou save my boy, my darling child?

LYSIAS.

Urge me no more! by heav'n I swear he dies!

His head shall pay the forfeit of his crime.

K 2

CALMET.

68. *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

CALMET.

Must I then die an ignominious death?
 Hang like the meanest of our vassal slaves,
 A ghastly shew and spectacle of horror?
 My boy too fall a martyr to his worth!—
 My passions swell within—my old blood boils,
 And my tumultuous spirits warm my heart:
 All cry aloud to meet a nobler doom.—
 Little as thou regard'st the pris'ner's moan, [*To Lysias.*
 Know that my fame was once as great as thine:
 My friends as pow'rful, and my name as rich.
 Now, by the virtue of those dear bought titles,
 I call aloud for honourable death,
 And challenge malice to deny my claim.

LYSIAS.

Your dotage raves,——

CALMET,

It does.—Yet raves out truth.—
 But I debase my birth to talk to thee;
 To thee, whom erst awhile I cou'd command,
 And say, thou know'st my will—see it perform'd.
 Hast *thou* forgot me too, my royal lord? [*To Radalces.*

RADALCES,

Ask me not what I know, or what forget,
 But rather tell me what is worth remembrance.
 I scarce have pow'r to give a vent to words—
 There's something here, which bars the use of speech.

CALMET,

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 69

CALMET.

Once thou hadst a friend, who lov'd thee well—
The faithful tutor of thy early years;
Who taught thee first to hold the reins of state,
And lead embattled armies o'er the plain:—
His name—Mudores,——

RADALCES.

The lord Mudores!

The man whom most I lov'd—whom most rever'd;
My bosom's counsel, and my martial guide!

CALMET.

And yet you banish'd him!—

RADALCES.

Too sure I did—

Full fifty years are pass'd since that rash act,
And yet till now have I repented sore.—
Hapless exile!—They say he dy'd in Egypt.—

CALMET.

Behold, in me, that hapless, exil'd wretch,

[Throwing open his disguise.]

Who re-assumes his long neglected state,
Still challenging respect i'th' hour of death.—
You banish'd me for life—yet here I stand,
A dauntless out-law, on forbidden ground;
Self-punish'd, self-accus'd, and self-condemn'd:
Then wipe away the blot my soul disdains,
And take my forfeit life with honour from me.

RADALCES.

70 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

RADALCES.

It is, it is Madoros,—gracious heav'ns!
Oh! how my bosom heaves with lab'ring pangs
To leap into his arms!—my poor old man!
My love can now no longer keep due bounds,
But overflows its banks to bathe thy wrongs.

[Embraces.

Oh! thou hast set my wilder'd brain afloat;—
And lo, a train of images start up,
Filling imagination's vast expanse
With dreams of what once was, in times long past.
My friend, and now my king, may I presume?—

[To Lysias.

LYSIAS.

No more, great Sir!—my oath must be fulfill'd;
No trait'rous crime shall e'er find mercy here.

CALMET.

Away, my pride disdains thy mercy's aid,
And scorns t' accept ev'n life itself from thee;
Then lead me forth to honourable death.—
Yet 'ere I yield to thy tyrannic will,
Let me proclaim my boy that which he is,—
No son of mine, tho' foster'd by my care.
Attend, my noble lords, and mark me well,
And heav'n befriend me as I utter truth.—
And O forgive, my ever royal liege, *[To Radalces.*
If in the arduous tale I wring your heart.

R.A.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT! 71

RADALCES.

I long, yet dread to hear—but still proceed.

CALMET.

You banish'd me for my ambitious love—
Because your sister gave that love return.

RADALCES.

Prithee, no more, her name re-calls my grief,

CALMET.

In prosp'rous days, once on a summer morn,
Sailing for pastime down the silver stream
Which marks the boundaries of Parthia's rule,
I 'spy'd a moss-grown cave o'erspread with shrubs:
Thither we bent our course, and soon perceiv'd
That piety itself once shelter'd thee:
The books, the relicks, and religious tints,
Bespoke th' assylum of an ancient date,
Pleas'd with the sacred cell, I strait resolv'd
To furnish out a summer's cool retreat,
And store it well with nature's simple needs:—
There, when releas'd from toils and cares of state,
I oft retir'd t' enjoy a calm repose,
And taste the rural bliss unknown to courts.
This was a luxury which pomp inspir'd,
In envy of the peasant's peaceful cot.
But mark the all-foreseeing eye of heav'n!—
Which pointed in distress that blest abode,
And bade an exil'd wretch inhabit there.

A faith-

72 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

A faithful servant;—nay, I might say friend,
 (For few will follow fortune's sad reverse)
 Attended chearfully my banish'd steps,
 To share retirement in a homely cave.
 There long we liv'd, in nature's first pure state,
 Whilst roots and crystal floods supply'd our wants.
 But yet misfortune still pursu'd our path.
 One fatal night (while wrapt in meditation)
 Lo! an unusual light beam'd o'er our roof:—
 Amaz'd, we issu'd forth to learn the cause;
 When a most dreadful object met our view—
 Our eastern tow'r (once deem'd impregnable)
 Vomited flames like Ætna's burning mount.
 Our bark soon reach'd the bold opposing shore,
 Where seeing, and unseen, we cou'd discern
 The Mede, rejoicing at th' ascending blaze.—
 Those who escap'd the fire, for shelter fled,
 But found a speedier death from pointed steel.
 The murd'ers stood prepar'd, with unsheath'd swords,
 Whose brutal force spar'd neither age or sex.

RADALCES.

Why hast thou rais'd this image to my view?
 My queen! my sister!—but pursue thy tale.—

CALMET.

At your approach, heading your vengeful troops,
 The cowards fled—precipitately fled,
 And you pursu'd 'em o'er th' extensive plain.
 The pass being clear, we went in haste to see
 If aught of life remain'd which we cou'd save.—

But

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 73

But oh, my heart!—forgive these gushing tears,
For tho' near thirty years have since roll'd by;
The piteous sight fresh rises to my view :—
Amidst the slain, your royal sister lay,
(She whom my soul ador'd with fervent zeal)
All rent with ghastly wounds, and drench'd in blood!
Close to her side (embracing ev'n in death)
Another beauty lay, whose noble form,
And purple robe, bespoke a princely rank :—
My griefs sprang up so high, I cou'd not bear
The sight, but turn'd in tears away.

RADALCES.

Just heav'n!—

How all thy various works are brought to light!—
I lodg'd 'em there, as in a place of safety,
And thought 'em lost amidst devouring flames.

CALLISTO.

Some distance from this scene, an infant sat,
Leaning his little cheek upon his hand,
And pointing to a wound which stain'd his breast;
Yet still he smil'd thro' tears, and sigh'd for help.—
We rent our cloaths to stop the issuing gap,
Which threaten'd to spout forth the last dear drop.—
Next we convey'd him, with our two fair victims,
With pious care, and plac'd 'em in our cave;—
Making the dead companions to the quick :—
The child recover'd, but my clay-cold love
We lodg'd next day in earth, with her pale friend,
And wash'd their grave with many a briny tear.

L

RA-

74 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

RADALCES.

There lost I all a parent's fond concern !
Scarce had two summers fled o'er my bliss,
And shone unclouded on my nuptial joy,
When one sad moment darken'd ev'ry hope.

CALMET.

My faithful servant ranging thro' the wilds,
In search of food to prop *my* failing age,
Was by a tyger seiz'd on and devour'd.
His loss was great—but still my foster-son
(Ripen'd in years, and grown near man's estate)
Supply'd all wants with care and filial duty.

In kind return, I taught him all I knew :
The laws of nations, and the arts of war,
Which, quick as light'ning darting from its sphere,
His active soul imbib'd with martial glow.

But when the Medes again assail'd your walls,
I might as soon have quench'd a meteor's blaze,
As cool'd *his* fever, burning for the fight.
My sighs, my pray'rs, entreaties all were vain,
And I was forc'd to yield to his request.

In this disguise I brought him to your camp,
And hazarded *my* life to tutor *his*.—

When first I took him bleeding from the earth,
This di'mond clasp shone glitt'ring on his breast :—
If any noble here, lost such a son,
And now can claim him by these sparkling gems,

[*Shows a clasp.*]

His virtues cry aloud to know his sire,
Who need not blush in owning such a child.

R A-

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 75

RADALCES.

Ha ! let me see it—Yes, it is the same— [*Taking it.*
The child, the child is mine !—the clasp too mine !—
The time, the place, the features, all proclaim it,—
All cry aloud, and speak a sceptre's heir.
Almighty pow'r ! who canst preserve from flames,
From glutless vengeance, and high-brandish'd steel,
Oh ! thou hast led my boy thro' peril's path,
And brought him safe to glad a father's heart :—
Quick, lead me to him—guide me to his arms,
That I may pour a blessing on his head,
Before excess of joy cuts short my life.

LYSIAS.

Be not too credulous, my noble lord :—
I grant he found your queen and royal sister ;—
Indeed the tale admits no contradiction ;—
But then he found 'em dead—and for your son,
What should implant belief of his escape ?
He cou'd not wander from his mother's side,
Nor bend his infant steps in search of safety :
No---he interr'd the prince, and stole the gem,
And now wou'd pass *his* offspring for your own.

RADALCES.

Oh ! thou hast wak'd me from a pleasing trance,
And drawn a veil o'er ev'ry dawning joy.
Take back, vile wretch ! take back the gay deceit,
[*Throwing it away.*
Take back the hellish falsehood thou hast forg'd,
And quit my sight for ever.—

76 THE PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,

CALMET.

Alas, my lord!
 Thou dashest from thy mouth the cup of bliss,
 And doom'st thy son to ignominious death.
 Let me conjure thee by thy martyr'd sister,
 By the dear relics of thy mangled queen,
 And by thy hopes of meeting them in heav'n,
 To spare my child, my boy, my only son!
 (For spite of me, I still must call him mine:)
 When I look back upon his infant days---
 His smiles of gratitude---his lips of love!--
 I cou'd kneel down and bless the hand that rear'd him;
 But when I think it was my prince I sav'd,
 My lov'd, my royal master's only son---
 I cou'd grow wild, and mock my age with childhood.
 Oh! can thy bosom yet retain a doubt?
 It does, it does, and my poor boy is lost.
 Give me the torture---urge its utmost force;
 If it extorts a groan, proclaim me false---
 Flay me,---impale me,---or invent new pangs,---
 Still as the blood shall issue from my wounds,
 I will proclaim my prince's lawful right,
 And call on heav'n to witness to my truth.

LYSIAS.

Thy artifice is weak---a mean device,
 And ill befits a noble Parthian's mind.
 My soul disdains t' assert another's right,
 Yet scorns to listen to impostor tales.

CALMET.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 77

CALMET.

Then mark me well—for still a proof remains,
Which kings, which heav'n itself will not deny;
A proof how much I love my country's cause,
How much I'd venture to preserve my prince.
Behold it here! [*Draws a dagger, and stabs himself.*]

RADALCES.

Oh! desp'rate, wild old man!—
Keep in thy life awhile to clear my doubts,
That I may bless thy passage to the grave.
[*Supporting him.*]

CALMET.

A moment's space is all I have to spare,
And that I dedicate, my prince, to thee;—
This stroke of death, this proof of ardent love,
I give with transport to preserve thy worth. [*Falls.*]
Oh! precious pang!—thou warn'st me of my end:—
Yet ere I go—believe this dying truth—
He is no son of mine.——Oh! I am faint!—
Sick, sick and faint.——

RADALCES.

Yet stay, one moment stay.—
If the child is mine, here, ev'n from his birth,
He bore a mark— [*Pointing to his left arm.*]

CALMET.

The blessed mark is there —
Upon his arm he bears the martial badge—

Down—

78 *The PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,*

Downward it shoots, and bearded like a lance.—
 I can no more—life issues out apace.—
 Ye pow'rs ador'd! ye, who did give me strength
 To combat sorrow thro' the vale of age,
 T' enthrone in streams of blood my sov'reign's son,
 Look on my hoary head with eyes of mercy,
 And bless my king,—my prince—oh! ——— [Dies.

RADALCES.

— Poor, lost old man! ———
 Whose virtue sacrific'd a life of worth,
 To save a master who had wrong'd thy faith;
 Accept the tribute of a parting tear.—
 All-ruling pow'rs, sources of mortal bliss! —
 How have your wisdoms smooth'd the dreary paths
 Thro' which my son by miracle has trod! —
 Conduct me to my poor desponding boy,
 That I may drive all terror far away,
 Free him from bonds, and wake him into gladness.—
 ——— [Going, but returns.

And yet what comfort have I to bestow?
 I have no wealth, no pow'r, no realms to give;—
 My lib'ral hand has parted with its all,
 And robb'd a son of nature's lawful claim.—
 I'll not re-call the royal gift I made,—
 Then keep thy state ——— [To Lysias.

LYSIAS.

My liege, what state have I,
 When my lov'd sov'reign's rightful heir survives?
 Then call him forth, the ruler of our realm,
 That

LOVE TRIUMPHANT 79

That I may pay the duty which I owe,
Yield up my sway to heav'n anointed hands,
And crown his love with what he holds more dear.

RADALCES.

My friend!—my brother!—benefactor!—all—
I wou'd express the glowings of my soul—
But how can gratitude find vent for words,
When heav'n claims more than piety can give,
By bringing to my arms my son Heracles?—
Conduct me to him—Oh! my boy! my boy!

[Exit with an Officer, P. S.]

LYSIAS.

Fly quickly, Gobrias, to my daughter fly,—
Bid her bedeck her cheeks with gladsome smiles,
And haste to fold a monarch in her arms.

[Gob. goes to the door, O. P. and turns to Lysias.]

GOBRIAS.

My lord, the princess comes—not clad in smiles,
But with dishevell'd hair, and frantic grief,
She wildly shuns Zaphrina's tender care.

ALTENA, without, O. P.

Where is my lord, my king, my cruel sire?—

[Enter Altana and Zaphrina, O. P.]

ALTENA.

Oh! dismal sight!—what means that dreadful rack?
What wretch is doom'd to groan beneath the weight?
A solemn silence overspreads the gloom,

And

80 **THE PARTHIAN EXILE, Or,**

And ev'ry eye seems moist with pitying tears,

But mine shall flow in streams of gushing blood.

[Seeing Calmet's body, she starts.

Oh, heav'ns! behold, where murder leads the van!—

Phrensy, disorder, ruin,—ravage come!

Exert your strength, and fire my desperate brain,

That I may hurl destruction round the world;

Inflame our mighty chiefs, and neigh ring states,

And let loose vengeance for my Calmet's death!

[Falls on Zaphrina.

ZAPHRINA.

Her agonies are strong—Help to support her!

LYSIAS.

My child, have patience!—

[Goes to her.

ALTENA.

Who talks of patience!—

'Tis an empty dream, an idle vision!—

Who can be patient, at a shock like this!

[Knelling by Calmet.

LYSIAS.

Be calm, my child, and bless thy father's age.

ALTENA.

Poor bleeding, martyr'd wretch! whose silver locks

Might move the pity of remorseless hate,

And close the hungry tyger's gaping jaws:

Whose

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 81

Whose wrinkled brow might melt a heart of stone—
How art thou gash'd and mangled!—Shameful sight!
Yet heav'n has mercy, tho' its sons have none—
For see where gold-ting'd clouds break o'er his head,
[*Looking up.*
Bathing his clay-cold cheeks with pearly drops!—

LYSIAS.

Why dost thou fix thy eyes on melting air,
Holding a converse with ideal forms,
When real felicity awaits thy beck,
And blessings court thee in thy Calmet's name?

ALTENA.

Who speaks of Calmet?—tell me, is he dead?
Or am I come in time to close his eyes—
To bathe his streaming bosom with my tears,
And dauntless join him in the arms of death?
Come, lead me forth—

ZAPHRINA.

See, she returns to reason— [They raise her.

ALTENA.

Oh, my heart!—

LYSIAS.

Be comforted, my child, all will be well.—

M

ALTENA.

82 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

ALTEA.

Yes, all will soon be well—My spirits sink—
I droop—I faint—I die—Oh, mercy, gods!— [*Falls.*]

LYSIAS.

Lift up thy eyes, my child, and view those pow'rs,
Which give thy lover back unto thy arms,
Adorn'd with virtue, truth, and regal pow'r.

ALTEA.

My father's voice, I think—Oh, royal sir!
If thou didst ever love a wretched daughter,
(For heav'n sure never form'd a wretch like me)
Give me a blessing ere I say farewell, [*Kneeling.*]
And quit thy sight for ever.

LYSIAS.

Talk not so,
But calm the temper of thy ruffled mind;
Peace shall return, and joy beam forth anew.

ALTEA.

Where is my Calmer?—There's his hapless fire!—
Am I abandon'd by my best lov'd friends?—
Will no one bring me to my husband's corse?
For we are wedded in the eye of heav'n;
Bound fast by sacred vows—Indeed! we are.—
This silence tells me the vile deed is done,

And

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 83

And death's dark engines close his eyes for ever.

Do not distract me!—Let me know the worst!—

Alas! he's dead!—

Oh! I will follow him thro' seas of blood!—

He's gone! he's gone!—My lord, my husband's gone!

I loiter here, and never shall o'ertake him—

If I let slip a moment more, he's lost!—

Hush! make no noise:—My father will prevent me—

Arfaces come, perhaps, and bar my way!—

But thus I mock each sharp enquiring eye,

And thus elude the search—

[Draws a dagger. Lyfias wrests it from her.]

LYSIAS.

What means my child?—

ALTEA.

Who holds my arm?—I cannot bear restraint!—

I will not live!—Stand off!—I will not live,

For Calmet calls, and says I must not live,

He beckons me thro' yonder fringed cloud,

And marks my way with streaks of crimson die.—

What say you now?—See there—behold his shade!—

Oh! do not chide, my lov'd, my honour'd lord,

I mean to follow thee—indeed I do!—

See where he soars aloft on eagle-wings!—

I've lost him now!—Why do you close my eyes?

How my heart throbs!—it cracks! it rives! it breaks!

Bless him—Oh! bless him—bless him!— *[Faints.]*

[Enter King and Young Calmet, P. S.]

M₂ Young

84 *The PARTHIAN EXILE; Or,*

Young CALMET.

Dearest love! [*Runs to her.*]

Lift up thy eyes, and waken into bliss!
What pestilential blast has touch'd thy brain?
Behold in me thy friend, thy love, thy husband!—
O, ravishing delight! see! see! she stirs!—
Awake, my love! awake!—

ALTEA.

What voice, divine,
Pities the wretch's moan, and points the path,
Where I may trace, thro' regions of the air,
My husband's shade, and catch it as it flies!
Tell me, blest spirit—Ha! what do I see! [*Starting.*]
I'm not deceiv'd! It is my love, my lord!—
They shall not part us more—We'll die together!

Young CALMET.

Talk not of dying—Stop that heaving sigh—
My life, my soul, my everlasting love!
The stormy clouds which threaten'd o'er our heads,
Are vanish'd now before the noon-tide sun,
Who hails with glitt'ring beams our future days.
Thy father's kind consent now crowns our love,
And ev'ry blessing opens to the view.

ALTEA.

May I then credit the enchanting sound?—
I must—I will—for Calmet says I may.—

I feel

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 83

I feel my life return—my soul revive!—
 Blest be the pow'r which smil'd upon our faith,
 Blest be the hand which spar'd *thy* precious life,
 And blest that pitying heart which makes me thine.
 Alas! I feel my harrass'd spirits sink,
 Frail nature cannot bear this dear surprize—
 Pray lead me in—(*going*.) Be not alarm'd, my lord,
 A little pause, and all shall yet be well.
 I must compose awhile my ruffled mind,
 Pour out my thanks to heav'n's directing eye,
 Then fly in haste to obey a father's will.

[*Exit with Zaphrina, O. P.*]

LYSIAS.

Now, royal sir, let me congratulate—

Young CALMET.

Your pardon, sir, you must not kneel to me,
 The justice of your great example shines
 Beyond the lustre of a diadem's glare,
 And challenges the most exalted praise.
 But time must speak the gratitude I owe.
 And thou, my dear, my honour'd, long lost sire,

[*To the King.*]

Whose healing wisdom shall direct my steps,
 To thee my filial care must plead my love.
 But for *thy* hapless fate, poor fond old man, [*To Cal.*]
 Kind foster father of my infant years,
 Who nobly dy'd to prove thy prince's right,
 Farewell! —

[*Weeps.*]

The

86 *The* PARTHIAN EXILE, &c.

The annual duty of these heart-felt drops
Shall shew how much I honour thy remembrance,
But let us turn our eyes to brighter scenes,
And fix the basis of a peaceful reign,
A double reign of empire and of love.
Virtue shall prove from whence all pow'r is giv'n,
For love of virtue, is the love of heav'n.



THE END.

